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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

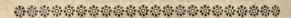
Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

A Tale. To Chlorinda. By the Same.

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One way or other still devis'd, To let him see he was despis'd: And when he plum'd, and grew most proud, All was a vapour, all a cloud.



A TALE. To CHLORINDA.

By the Same.

DAME Venus, a daughter of Jove's,
And amongst all his daughters most fair,
Lost, it seems, t'other day the two doves,
That wasted her car thro' the air.

The dame made a heavy fad rout,
Ran about heav'n and earth to condole 'em;
And fought high and low to find out,
Where the biddyes were flray'd, or who ftole 'em.

To the God, who the stragglers shou'd meet, She promis'd most tempting sine pay, Six kisses than honey more sweet, And a seventh far sweeter than they.

The proposal no sooner was made,
But it put all the Gods in a stame;
For who wou'd not give all he had
To be kiss'd by so dainty a dame.

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To Cyprus, to Paphos they run,
Where the Goddess oft us'd to retire;
Some rode round the world with the sun,
And search'd every country and shire.

But with all their hard running and riding, Not a God of 'em claim'd the reward; For no one cou'd tell tale or tiding, If the doves were alive or were flarv'd.

At last the sly shooter of men
Young Cupid, (I beg the God's pardon)
Mamma, your blue birds I have seen
In a certain terrestrial garden.

Where, where, my dear child, quickly shew,
Quoth the dame, almost out of her wits:
Do but go to Chlorinda's, fays Cu,
And you'll find 'em in shape of pewits.

Is it she that hath done me this wrong?

Full well I know her, and her arts;

She has follow'd the thieving trade long,

But I thought she dealt only in hearts.

I shall foon make her know, so I shall ——
And with that to Jove's palace she run,
And began like a bedlam to bawl,
I am cheated, I'm robb'd, I'm undone.

Q 4

Chlorinda,

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Chlorinda, whom none can approach
Without losing his heart or his senses,
Has stol'n the two doves from my coach,
And now slaunts it at Venus' expences.

She has chang'd the poor things to pewits,
And keeps'em like ord'nary fowls:
So when she robs men of their wits,
She turns'em to asses or owls.

I cou'd tell you of many a hundred
Of figure, high flation, and means,
Whom she without mercy has plunder'd,
Ever fince she came into her teens.

But her thests upon earth I'd have borne,
Or have let 'em all pass for mere fable;
But nothing will now serve her turn,
But the doves out of Venus's stable.

Is it fit, let your mightyship fay,

That I, like some pitiful flirt,

Shou'd tarry within doors all day,

Or else trudge it asoot in the dirt?

Is it fit that a mortal shou'd trample
On me who am styl'd queen of beauty?
O make her, great Jove, an example,
And teach Nimble-singers her duty.

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Sir Jove when he heard her thus rage,
For all his great gravity, fmil'd;
And then, like a judge wife and fage,
He began in terms fober and mild.

Learn, daughter, to bridle your tongue,
Forbear to traduce with your prattle
The fair, who has 'one you no wrong,
And fcorns to purloin goods and chattel.

She needs neither gewgaw, nor trinket,
To carry the world all before her;
Her deferts, I wou'd have you to think it,
Are enough to make all men adore her.

Your doves are elop'd, I confess,

And chuse with Chlorinda to dwell;

But blame not the lady for this;

For sure 'tis no crime to excel.

As for them, I applaud their high aims;

Having ferv'd from the time of their birth

The fairest of heavenly dames,

They would now serve the fairest on earth.

And lightnings a this with heaven's evenging iro.

sen year chanders been their closery feet.